

# The Forc'd Marriage!

## Or, Unfortunate Celia.

when Old Fools do a wooing go to those  
who are young-girls, they Court their cruel foes,  
The Old man sees he can't prevail with tongue,  
But finds t at young ones, love to sport with young :  
He to the Virgins Parents makes redress,  
And doth the n.mber of his Bags express ;  
which takes away her Fathers heart by stealth,  
He weds her not to him, but to his wealth.  
VVhich being done, she loathes his weak embraces,  
And throws her self on Ruinous Disgraces.

Tune, Since Celia's my Foe.



**T**OD what great distress  
Without hopes of redresg,  
I am brought  
without Thought  
of a better succes.  
Poor Celia's undone,  
And all joys from her gone,  
By her Mate  
came ill fate,  
which poor she could not shun.  
My Parents unkind,  
And with wealth too much blind  
Made me marry,  
and miscarry,  
against my own mind.  
I lov'd one before,  
But they thought him too poor,  
They forc'd me,  
and divorce d me  
for seeing him more.

I have now got a man  
I must love if I can,  
But I fear  
my first dear,  
I must love now and than.  
If I chance to transgres,  
As I shall you may guess,  
You may shame me,  
not blame me,  
for not loving him less.  
My Husband's a hot  
Deserv'd, and what not,  
All Day  
He's at play,  
With his Rose o're a Post.  
Whilst I sit at home,  
Like a poor silly Wome,  
Still crying,  
and dying,  
till my dearest doth come.

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When my tumbler's in bed, If my father do chide,  
 & has laid down his head, And his kindnesses hide,  
 He lies  
 with clos'd eyes,  
 just though he was dead.  
 Why should he repine,  
 If I spend store of coyn,  
 to assist  
 whom I list,  
 in my pleasures to joyn.  
 My friends are all mad,  
 If at this they grow sad,  
 Why did  
 they forbid,  
 him that I would have had.  
 'Tis a dangerous disease,  
 A Young woman to displease,  
 Ill matching  
 is catching,  
 and is seldom at ease.  
 I care not whs knows,  
 Be they friends or false foes,  
 I'le Delight,  
 day and night,  
 in spight of their Rose.  
 My first Love has my heart,  
 And from him I'le ne'r start,  
 though I'm wed,  
 Yet in bed,  
 he shall have the best part.

No anger  
 nor danger  
 my love shall divide.  
 My mother does know,  
 I have oft told her so,  
 The old lot  
 I lov'd not  
 when he first came to woe.  
 'Tis a thousand to one  
 That before I have done,  
 I'le deceive him,  
 and leave him,  
 to himself all alone.  
 Ile venture the same,  
 Of a scandalous name,  
 Before  
 I'le give o're,  
 to love one of the game.  
 Ile be happy and poor,  
 With the man I adore,  
 Since fate  
 makes me hate,  
 the old Fop that hath stol.  
 'Twaz the ignorant curse,  
 Of for better, for worse,  
 Did me tye,  
 till I die,  
 to be true to his purse.

Ile venture my lot,  
 And get free from my hot,  
 Young blood  
 does me good,  
 now my spirits are hot.  
 Let Parents conclude,  
 I behave my self rude,  
 Their will  
 to fulfil,  
 did my reason delude.  
 Let each pretty Maid,  
 Who hath heard what I've said,  
 take care  
 and beware,  
 lest by force she's betraide.  
 Let Parents provide,  
 For each daughter a Wife,  
 That nothing  
 Of loathing,  
 their loves may divide.

F I N I S.

With Allowance, R. L' Estrange.

By VV. P.

Printed for E. Oliver, at the Golden-  
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